

THE HISTORIE

O F

Henry the Fourth:

With the battell at *Shrewesbury*, be-
twene the King, and Lord *Henry Percy*,
surnamed *Henry Hotspur of*
the North.

With the humorous conceits of Sir
John Falstaffe.

Geo. Steevens.

Newly corrected,

By *William Shake-speare.*

LONDON,

Printed by *John Norton*, and are to bee sold by
William Sheares, at his shop at the great South doore
of *Saint Pauls-Church*; and in *Chancery-Lane*,
neere *Serjants-Inne*. 1632.

THE HISTORIE

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humane Henry-Hepburn
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In the Summer of 1619.



The History of *Henry the Fourth.*

Enter the King, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*, Earle of
Westmerland, with others.

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breathe short winded accents of new broyles,
To be commenc't in stronds a farre remote:

No more the thirstie entrance of this soyle,
Shall dawbe her lips with her owne childrens blood;
No more shall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hooves
Of hostile pases: those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious close of ciuill butchery,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and bee no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose souldier now, vnder whose blessed Crosse
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *English* shall we teinie,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe:
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fields,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed seete,

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Which 1200. yeeres agoe were nail'd,
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is but twelue months old,
And bootlesse 'tistd tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all at hwart, there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordshire*, to fight
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shamelesse transformation
By those Welsh-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our businesse for the Holy-land.

West. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord,
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euery valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmesden* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of theit contention, did take Horse,
Vncertane of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir *Water Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Stain'd

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Stain'd with the variations of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their owne blood, did fir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:

And is not this an honorable spoyle?

A gallant prize? Ha, Cousin, is it not? In sayth it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st mee sinners
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*

Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,

A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue,

Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Planr,

Who is sweete Fortunes Minion, and her pride,

Whilst I by looking on the prayse of him,

See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow

Of my yong *Harry*, O that it could be prou'd

That some night tripping *Fairy* had exchange'd

In cradle cloathes our children where they lay,

And cal'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginet,

Then would I haue his *Harry*, and hee mine:

But let him from my thoughts: What thinke you, Cuz,

Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners,

Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,

To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word,

I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

West. This is his Vnkles reaching, this is *Worcester*,

Maleuolent to you in all aspects:

Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp

The crest of Youth against your dignity.

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:

And for this cause a while we must neglect

Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

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Cousin, on Wednesday next, our Councell wee will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to bee done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon Benches
after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly,
which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a deuill haſt thou to
doe with the time of the day? Vnleſſe houres were cups of
Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds,
and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne
himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no
reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperſuious to demand the time
of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take
purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuē Starres, and not by *Phœbus*,
he, that wandring Knight ſo faire; and I prethee, ſweet wagge,
when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould
ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What, none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee pro-
logue to an Egge and Batter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nights body, bee called Theeues of the
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the
ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, wee bee men of
good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble
and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; vnder whole countenance we
ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayſt well, and it holdes well too, for the for-
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for
prooſe

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prooffe: Now a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying Bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

Fals. By the Lord thou sayest true, Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old Lad of the Castle; and is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fals. How now, how now, mad wagge, whar, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse of the Tauerne?

Fals. Well, thou hast cal'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fals. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

Prince. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my coyne would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vsd my credit.

Fals. Yea, and so vsd it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shall there be Gallows standing in *England*, when thou art King? and resolution thus snubd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, hang a therfe.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I? O rare by the Lord Ile be a brane Iudge.

Prince. Thou iudget false already. I meane thou shalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fals. Well, *Hall*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of fures?

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of fures, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Car, or a lugd-Bear.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Fals. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneshire* Bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moore-

Moore-

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Moore-ditch?

Fals. Thou hast the most vnflattering smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascaldest sweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble mee no more with vaniry, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I mark't him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wisely, in the streete too.

Prince. Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fals. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*, God forgie thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: Ile bee damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Jacks?*

Fals. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, Ile make one; and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell mee.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purse-taking.

Fals. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poyner.

Poy. Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a match: O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hell were not enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poy. Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Mounseur Remorse*? What sayes sir *Iohn Saske* and *Sugar*, *Jacks*? How agrees the *Diuell* and thee about thy soule, that thou soldst him on Good Friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prince. Sir *Iohn* stands to his word, the *Diuell* shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Proverbs: he will giue the *Diuell* his due.

Poy.

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Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Diuell.

Prince. Else he had beene damn'd for coozening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gads Hill*; there are pilgrimes going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues; *Gads-Hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I haue bespoke supper to morrow night in *Eastcheape*; wee may do it as secure as sleepers; if you will goe, I will stuffe your purses full of crownes; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fals. Heare yee, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will, chops?

Fals. *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Fals. Ther's neither honesty, man-hood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou camst not of the blood royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well, then once in my daies Ile bee a mad-cap.

Fals. Why; thats well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fals. By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

Prince. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leaue the Prince and me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

Fals. Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest may moue, and what he heares may be beleued, that the Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theet; for the poore abuses of the time want countenances; farewell, you shall find me in *Eastcheape*.

Pri. Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhallow n summer.

Poy. Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannage alone.

Falstaffe, Harney, Rosill, and *Gads-Hill*, shall rob those men that we haue already way-laid; your selfe and I will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

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Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee le set vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment, to be our selues.

Po. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change, after we leaue them: and sirra, I haue cases of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will bee too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as euer turned back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat Rogue wil tel vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of these, lies the iest.

Prince. Wel, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete mee to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup: farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Poynes.

Prince. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your idlenesse:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother vp his beauty from the world,
That when hee please againe to bee himselfe,
Being wanted, hee may bee more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,
To sport would bee as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for, come,
And nothing pleaseh but rare accidents:
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By

Henry the Fourth.

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright metall on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shal shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soyle to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,

Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather bee my selfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene smooth as oyle; soft as yong downe,
And therefore lost that Title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to bee vsed on it,
And that same greanesse too, which our owne hands
Haue hope to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worcester, get thee gone, for I doe see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremp tory,
And Maiesty might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a seruants brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we neede
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to speake.

Nor. Yea my good Lord,
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmsdon* tooke,
Where as he sayes, not with such strength denide,
As he deliuered to your Maiesty.
Eyther enuy therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my sonne.

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Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord; neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a Bridegroom; and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubble land at harvest home:
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe hee held
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his nose, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkt,
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a slouely vnhand, some coarfe,
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,
With many holy day and Lady tearmes.
He questioned me: among the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a Popinjay,
Out of my grieve and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or hee should not, for he made me mad
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweete,
And talke so like a waiting-Gentle woman,
Of Guns & Drums, and wounds, God saue the marke;
And telling me the soueraign'st thing on earth,
Was Parmacity for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pittie, so it was,
This villanous Saltpeter should be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmlesse Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly: and but for these vile Guns,
He would haue beene himfelfe a Souldier.
This bald vniointed char of his (my Lord)
Answered indirectly (as I sayd)

And

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And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accusation
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What er'e *Harry Piercy* then had sayd
To such a person, and in such a place:
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and neuer rise,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he sayd, so he vsay it now.

King. Why, yet hee doth deny his prisoners,
But with prouiso and exception,
That we at our owne charge shall ransome straight
His brother in law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who in my soule hath wilfully betraide
The liues of those, that he did leade to fight,
Against the great Magician, damned *Glendower*,
Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,
Hath lately married: shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traytor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,
When they haue lost and forfeited themselves,
No, on the barren Mountaine let him starue,
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,
To ransome home reuolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
Needes no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle *Sauernes* siedgy banke
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,
Vpon agreement of swift *Sauernes* flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

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Ran fearefully among the trembling Reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou dost bely him, *Percy*, thou dost bely him.
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let mee not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from mee,
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your sonne:
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight.
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunk with collier? stay and pause a while
Here comes your Vnckle.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, ile empty all those veines,
And shead my deare blood, drop by drop, I'rh dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Hot. Who strooke this heat v'p after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I'vrg'd the ransome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

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And on my face hee turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*,

Wor. I cannot blame him, was not hee proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. Hee was; I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did sit forth
Vpon his *Irish* expedition;

From whence hee intercepted, did returne
To bee depos'd and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, wee in the worlds wide mourning,
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken off?

Hot. But soft I pray you, did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the Crowne?

Nor. Hee did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his cousin King,
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue;
But shall it bee, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake weare the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? shall it bee
That you a world of curses vndergoe,
Being the agents, or base second meanes,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this subtile King.
Shall it for shame bee spoken in these daies,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,
(As both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard* that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And shall it in more shame bee further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, from whom these shames ye vnder-went?

No, yet time serues; wherein you may redeme
Your banisht honors; and restore your felicitie;
Into the good thoughts of the world againe;
Renenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Hor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclasp a secret Booke,
And to your eies concealing discontent
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to or'walke a Currant roring lowd
On the vnsteadfull footing of a speare.

Hor. If hee fall in, good night, or sink or swim,
Send danger from the East vnto the West;
So honor crosse it from the North to South;
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres
To rowze a Lion, then to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of prudence.

Hor. By Heauen, mee thinks it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where sadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeme her thence, might weare
Without corruall, all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac't fellowship.

VVor. Hee apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the forme of what hee should attend;
Good Cousin giue mee audience for a while.

Hor. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

Hor. Ile keepe them all.

By God hee shall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would saue his soule, hee shall not,

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Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes:
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He sayd he would not ransome *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when hee lies asleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, ile haue a Starling shall bee taught to speake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you, Cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance:
I would haue him poysoned with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinsman, ile talke to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a Wasp-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.

In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;
A plague vpon it, it is in *Glostershire*;
'Twas wheret he mad-cap Duke his vnkle kept,
His vnkle *Yerke*, where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
Zblood, when you and he came backe from *Rauespurg*.

Nor. At *Barkely* Castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why what a candy deale of courtesie,
This fawning Gray-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Cousin:

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O, the Diuell take such coozeners, God forgiue me,
Good vnkle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I haue done yfayth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, bee assur'd,
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, wel-belon'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Brisow* the Lord *Scrope*;
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might bee, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set downe,
And onely staies but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's asfoore, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aimde.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by rayfing of a head:
For, beare our selues as euen as wee can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke wee thinke our selues vn-satisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

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Hot. Hee does: hee does; wee le bee reueng'd on him.

VVor. Cousin, farewell. No further goe in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course

When time is ripe, which will bee suddenly:

He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,

Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,

To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,

Which now wee hold at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewell, good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Vnkle, adue: O let the houres bee short;
Till Fields, & Blowes, and Groues, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, He be hangd,
Charles-waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. What *Ostler*?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in
the point, poore lade is wrung in the Withers out of all celfe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and that
is the next way to gine poore lades the Bots: this house is tur-
ned vpside downe since *Robin Ostler* died.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of Oates
rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this to bee the most villanous house in all
London road for Fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? by the Masse there is ne're a King
christen could be better bit, then I haue bin since the first cock.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iordaine, and then we
leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie hreedes Fleas
like a Loach.

1. Car. What *Ostler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two rases of Ginger,
to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1. Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite star-
ued: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in
thy head? canst not heare, and 'twere not as good a deed as

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drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-bill.

Gads-bill. Good-morow *Carriers*. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it bee two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God, soft; I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend mee thine.

2. *Car.* I, when? canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanterne (quoth he.) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee; Come neighbor *Mages*, wee'll call vpon the Gentlemen: they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlaine*?

Cham. At hand, quoth Picke-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand, quoth the *Chamber-laine*; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-bill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight, there's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Hens*, hath broght three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what they are vpon already, and call for Egges and Butter: they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet nor with Saint *Nicholas* *Clarks*, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshippest Saint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to mee of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir *Iohn* hangs with me, and thou knowst bee is no starueling: tut, there are other

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other Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their credit sake make all whole: I am ioynd with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpeany strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hiewd malt-worms, but with nobility and tranquillity, Burgomasters and great Oacyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speake, and speake sooner then drinke, & drinke sooner then pray; and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their Bootes? will she hold out Water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castle, cokesure; wee haue the receit of Ferneseed, wee walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *home* is a common name to all men: bid the *Ostler* bring my Gelding out of the stable; farewell, ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued *Falstaffes* Horse, and he frets like a gum'd veluet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fals. *Poines*, *Poines*, and bee hangd, *Poines*.

Prince. Peace ye fat kidneyd rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

Fals. What *Poines*? *Hall*?

Prince. He is walkt vp to the top of the Hill, Ile go seek him.

Fals. I am accurst to rob in that theeues company, the rascall hath remoued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauell but 4. foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworn his company hourly any time this 22. yeer, and yet I am bewitcht

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wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen mee medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be else. I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foot further: and twere not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth eight yardes of vneuen ground, is three score and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it, when theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my Horse, you rogues, Giue mee my Horse, and bee hangd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fals. Haue you any leauers to list me vp again being down? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt mee thus?

Prince. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fals. I prethee good *Prince Hall*, helpe mee to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, shall I bee your Ostler?

Fals. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes. let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when iest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I doe against my will.

Pion. O tis our setter, I know his voice; *Bardol*, what newes?

Bar. Caffe yee, caffe ey; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings, comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fals. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fals. To bee hangd.

Prince. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane.

Ned Poines and I will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

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Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fals. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *Iohn Pannes*?

Fals. Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gant* our Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hall*.

Prince. Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

Poy. Sirra *Iack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, farewell, and stand fast.

Fals. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poy. Heere hard by: stand close.

Fals. Now, my masters, happy man bee his dole, say, euery man to his businesse.

Enter the Travellers.

Tra. Come, neyghbor, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hill, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our legs.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iesus blesse vs.

Fals. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeson caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs, youth, downe with them, flicce them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fals. Hang ye gorbelled knaues, are ye vndone? no, ye fat chuffes, I would your store were heere: on Bacons, on, what ye knaues? yong men must liue, you are grand lurors, are ye? weele iure you, yfayth.

Heere they rob them and binde them. Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeues haue bonnd the true men: now, could thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

Poy. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Fals. Come, my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowards, theres no equity stirring, ther's no more valour in that Poynes, than in a wild Duck.

Prince.

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As they are sharing, the Princes & Poynets
Prin. Your money. *Set upon them, they all run away, and Fal-*
Poyn. Villaines. *Staffe after a blow or two, runs away too,*
leaving the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeves
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare
not meete each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away
good Ned, Falstaffe sweats to death, and lards the leane earth as
he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poy. How the rogue roard!

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented
to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be conuented, why is he not then? in respect of the
loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne
barne better then he loues our house. Let mee see some more.

The purpose you undertake, is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger
we pluckt this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you na-
med uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole
plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so? I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow
cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the
Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was layd, our friend true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation,
an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited
rogue is this? why my L. of Yorke commends the plot, and the
generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this
rascal, I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my
father my vnckle, and my selfe, L. Edmond Mortimer, my L. of
Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas?
haue I not all their letters to meete mee in Armes by the ninth
of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward
already? What a Pagan rascall is this and Infidell? Ha, you shall
see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the
King,

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King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide my selfe, and goe to buffers, for mouing such a dish of skim Milke with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now *Kate*, I must leaue you within these two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bene
A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth,
And start so often when thou sittest alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watche,
And heard thee murmur tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt
Of fallies; and retires, trenches, tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath bene so at warre,
And thus hath so besturd thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,
Such as we see when men restraints their breath.
On some grett sudden haste. O what portents are these?
Some heauy businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Het. What ho, is *Gilliame* with the Backet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Het. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Het. What Horse? a Roane, a crop-eare, is it not?

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Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Burton* leade him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In sayth ile know your busines, *Harry*, that I will I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if you

Hot. So far afoor, I shall be weary, loue. (goe.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, answer mee directly vnto this question that I shall aske: in sayth ile breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trisler, loue; I loue thee not; I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammers, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Doe you not loue me? doe you not indeede? Well, doe not then? for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But hark you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth question me. Whither I goe: nor reason wheresabout: Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you, gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then *Harry* *Parrys* wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman, and for leerecie, No Lady trisler, for I will beleene, Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La.

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La. How so far?

Hot. Not an inch further; but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you goe too:
To day will I set forward; to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Paynes.

Prince. *Ned*, prethee come out of that far roome, and lend
mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where hast beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or
foure-score Hogs-heads. I have founded the very base string of
Humility. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of Drawers, and
can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and
Francis; they take it already vpon their saluation, that though
I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*, and tell mee
flatly, I am not proud like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a
Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they call mee) and
when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good
Lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; and
when you breathe in your warring, they cry *hem*, and bid you
play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quar-
ter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne
Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost
much honor, that thou wert not with mee in this action: but
sweet *Ned*: to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this
penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder-
skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then 8
shillings and 6 pence, and *You are welcome*, with this shrill ad-
dirion, *Anon, anon sir, Skore a pint of Bastard in the Half moon*,
or so. But *Ned*, to drue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee
doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny
Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue
calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing, but *Anon*:
step aside, and I'll shew thee a present.

Paines. *Francis.*

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Paines. *Francis.*

Prin. *Anon, anon sir; looke down into the pomegranat, Ralfe,*

Prince.

Princ. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince, How long hast thou toserue, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth five yeeres, and as much as to

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five yeeres: be ready a long lease for the chincking of pewter: But Francis, darest thou bee so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let mee see, about Michaelmas next I shall bee.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas but a pennyworth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis, or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis:

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agar ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bassard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canassie doublet will sulley. In Barbary sit, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir;

Poynes. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call? Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

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Unt. What, standst thou still, and hearest such a calling? looke to the Ghests within. My Lord, old sir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the doore. *Poines.*

Perpes. A non, anon sir. *Enter Poines.*

Prin. Sirra, *Falstaff*, and the rest of the *Thecues*, are at the doore, shall wee bee merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but hark yee, what cunning march haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the papill age of this present Twelve a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, *Francis*?

Francis. Anon, anon sir.

Prince. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parrat, and yet the son of a Woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Perceys* minde, the *Hofpur* of the North, he that kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want work, O my sweet *Harry* sayes shee I how many haist thou kild to day? Giue my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd *Browne* shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rine*, saies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaff.

Poines. Welcome *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Fals. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, mary and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke, Boy. E're I leade this life long, ile sow nerther stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prince. Didst thou neuer see *Titan* kisse a dish of butter, pittifull hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

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Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogues to be found in villanous manner, yet a coward is worse then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old lacke, die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shorter herring: there lyes not 3 good men vntang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God be for the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now Wollacke, what matter you?

Fal. A Kings Son: if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ie neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer mee to that, and *Peines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would giue a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face me, giue me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that.

He drinckes.

A plague of all cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere be foure of vs, haue rane a thousand pound this morning.

Prince. Where is it, lacke, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the Hose,

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Hose, my buckler cut thorow and thorow, my Sword back like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

God. Speake, firs, how was it?

Ross. We foure set vpon a dozen.

Fals. Sixteene at least, my Lord.

Ross. And bound them.

Pers. No, no, they were not bound.

Fals. You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew.

Ross. As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set vpon vs.

Fals. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Fals. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iack*, then am I no two-leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue not murdered some of them.

Fals. Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in Buckrom futes: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; cal mee Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: fore rogues in Buckrom let driue at mee.

Prin. What, foure? thou saidst but two, euen now.

Fals. Foure. *Hal*. I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; hee said foure.

Fals. These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust at mee; I made no more adoe, but rooke all their seuen points in my Target, thus:

Poin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fals. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom futes.

Fals. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, wee shall haue more anon.

Fals. Doeſt thou heare mee, *Hal*.

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iack*.

Fals.

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Fals. Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fals. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hose.

Fals. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstrous! cleuer buckrom men growne out of two?

Fals. But as the diuell would haue it, three mis-begotten knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it was so darke, *Hall*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prin. These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou hast on obscene greasie tallow catch.

Fals. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in *Kendall* greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason. What sayst thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reason, *lack*, your reason.

Fals. What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Gine you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would gine no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. He bee no longer guilty of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-prester, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

Fals. Zblood you starueling, you elfskinne, you dried neartongue, buls pizzle, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what is like thee? you taylors yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tried thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poy. Marke, *lack*.

Prin. We two saw you foure set on foure and bound them, & were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plaine tale shall put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a word

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word, outface'd you from your prize, and haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house : and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & still run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a slaue art thou to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? what trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now finde out, to hide thee from this open & apparant shame?

Poy. Come lets heare, *Iack*, what trick? hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you masters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware instinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Heards of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempore?

Prim. Content, and the argument shall bee, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. *Enter Hostesse.*

Hof. O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

Prim. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

Hof. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore, would speake with you: he sayes he comes from your father.

Prim. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hof. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauity out of his Bed at mid-night? Shall I giue him his answer?

Prim. Prethee doe, *Iack*.

Fal. Fayth, and ile send him packing.

Prim. Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no, sic.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

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Prince. Faith, tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstaffs* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleene it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spere-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeere before, I bluth to heare his monstrous deuices.

Prin. O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you see these metecrs? doe you behold these exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold puiſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, is frightly taken.

Enter Falstaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

Fal. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles talon in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the *North Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a Welsh hook; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O *Glendower*!

Fal. Open *Glendower*, the same, and his sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes, *Douglas*, that runs a horsebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killes a Sparrow flying.

Fal.

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Fals. You haue hit it.

Prince. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Fals. Well, that rascall hath good metall in him, he will not runne.

Prince. Why; what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fals. A horse-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foote hee will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes I lacke, vpon instinct.

Fals. I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, hee is theretoo, and one *Adordake*, and a thousand blue Caps more. *Worcester* is stolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackerell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, wee shall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Masse, Lad, thou saist true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, Art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three such Enemies againe, as that fiend *Douglas*, that sprice *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afeard? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not awhit ysaith: I lacke some of thy instinct.

Fals. Well, thou wilt bee horribly chidde to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue mee, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this Chaire shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushin my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden Scepter for a leden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pitifull ba'd Crowne.

Fals. Well, and the fire of Grace bee not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought, I haue wept: For I must speake in passion. and I will doe it in King *Cambyses* veine.

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Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my speech: stand aside, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not, sweet *Queene*, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull *Queene*; For teares do stop the fould-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time, but also, how thou art accompaigned: For though the Cammome, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeberries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? so doth the company thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I doe not speak to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think, his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*; if that man should be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I see vertue in his looks; if then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*, him keepe with, the rest banish; and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince.

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Prince. Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for me, and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestically both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a powlters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge, my masters.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My Noble Lord, from *Eastcheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, Ile tickle yee for a young Prince yfaith.

Prince. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne' relook on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a Diuell haunts in the likenesse of a fat old man, a tunne of wane is thy companion; why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuffe Cloake-bag of gutts, that rosted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein craftie, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pittie) his white haire do witness it: but that he is (sating your reuerence) a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke and Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a sinne, then many an old Oast that I know, is damn'd; if to bee fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Poinet*, but

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for sweet *Iacke Falstaffe*, kind *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plump *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardell running.

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shrieve, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hos. O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

Hos. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou heare, *Hali*? neuer call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone bee strangled with a Halter as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fal. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide mee.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now master Sherife, what is your will with mee?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not heere,
For I my selfe at this time haue employed him:

And

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And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall,
And so let me increate you leaue the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord, there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this robbery lost 300 markes.

Prin. It may be so: if he haue rob'd these men,
He shalbe answerable: and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oyley rascall is knowne as well as Poules: go call
him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe?* fast asleepe behind the Arras, and snorting
like a horse.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets.

He searcherh his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's see what be they: read them.

Item a Canon *ii.s.ii.d*

Item sawce *iii.d*

Item Sacke, two gallons *v.s.viii.d*

Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper *ins.viii.d*

Item bread *ob*

O monstrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke! What there is else, keep close, weele read it at more aduantage, there let him sleepe till day, ile to the court in the morning. We must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. He procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will bee a match of twelue score; the money shall bee payed backe againe with aduantage: be with mee betimes in the morning and so good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,

Owen Glendower.

Mr. These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And

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And our iuduction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, wil you sit downe?
And Vncle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*;
for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his
cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh hee wisheth you in
Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower*
spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuity,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery shapes
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, so it would haue done at the same season, if your
mothers Cat had but kitned, though your selfe had neuer been
borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind.
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. the Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuity:
Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde
Within her wombe, which for enlargement struiuing,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heardes
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These

Henry the Fourth.

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life doe shew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which calls me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out that is but Womans senne,
Can trace me in the tedious way of *Art*,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*,
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the Diuell.

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the Diuell
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Diuell.
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,
And ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

Mor. Come, come: no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my power, thrice from the bankes of *Wye*,
And Sandy-bottomd *Souerne* haue I sent him
Boortlesse home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we diuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:

England from *Trent*, and *Souerne* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignde,
All Westward *Wales* beyond the *Souerne* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound
To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A businesse that this night may execute:)
To morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worcester* will set forth,
To meete your father and the Scottish power,
As is appoynted vs, at *Shrewsbury*:

My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall wee neede his helpe these fourteene daies;
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wines and you.

Hot. Me thinks my moity *North* from *Barton* heere,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes mee cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scantle out:
He haue the currant in this place dam'd vp,
And here the smug and siluer *Trent* shall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mar. Yea, but marke how hee beares his course, and runs me
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much as on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northside, win this cape of land
And then he runs straight and euen.

Hot. He haue it so, a little charge will doe it.

Glen. He not haue it altered.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glen.

Henry the Fourth.

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in *Welsh*.

Glen. I can speake *English*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was trained vp in the *English* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpo
Many an *English* dittie, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpful ornament:
A vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart
I had rather bee a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers
I had rather heare a brazen cansticke turn'd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axl-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as minsing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a shut fling nag.

Glen. Come, you shall haue *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I doe not care, Ile giue thrice so much Land
To any well-deseruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, markeyee mee:
Ile cauil on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? shall wee be gone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night;
Ile haste the writer, and withall
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much shee doreth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit.*

Mor. Fic, cousin *Peray*, how you crosse my father!

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime hee angers mee,
With telling mee of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies:
And of a dragon, and a finlesse fish,
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moultren Rauon,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimbleskamble stuffe,
As puts mee from my faith. I tell you what,
Hee held mee last night, at least, nine houres,
In reckoning vp the severall diuels names,

The History of

That were his Lackies : I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word ; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India* : ſhall I tell you, Conſin,
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And cubs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith hee does
I warrant you, that man is not alieue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe :
But doe not vſe it oft, let mee intreat you.

Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you :
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Gouvernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine ;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hor. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners by your ſpeed,
Heere come our wines, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*,

Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,

Sheele

Henry the Fourth.

Shée be a souldier too, shéele to the warres.

Mor. Good father, tell her, that shée; and my Aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and shée answers
him in the same.*

Glen. She is desperate heere.

A peeuish selfe-wil'd harlotry, one that no perswasion can doe
good vpon.

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy lookes, that prety Welsh,
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for shame,
In such a parley I answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer bee a truant, loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bower,
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will shée runne mad.

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,
And shée will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse,
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The house before the heauenly haruest teeme
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

Mor. With all my heart he sit and heare her sing,
By that time will our Booke I thinke bee drawne.

Glen. Do so; and those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thousand Leagues from thence,
And straight they shal bee here, sit and attend.

The History of

Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe;
Come quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, yee giddy goole.

The Musicke plays.

Hot. Now I perceine the *Dinell* vnderstands *Welsh*.
And 'tis no maruel hee is so humorous,
Birtady hee is a good musician.

Lady. Then would you bee nothing but musically
For you are altogether by humors:
Lie stil, ye thiefe, and heare the *Lady* sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather heare, *Lady*, my breech howle in *Irish*.

La. Would'st haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then bee still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? *Hart*, you sweare like a com-
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I liue, and as
God shall mend mee, and as sure as day:
And giuest such farcener surery saor thy othes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then *Prisbury*.
Sweare mee, *Kate*, like a *Lady* as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-brast teachere
and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these 2. hours,
and so come in when yee will.

Exit.

Glen. Come, come; *Lord Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot Lord Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

Henry the Fourth.

By this our Booke is drawne, weele but scale,
And then to horse immediately.

Mor With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the *Prince of Wales*, and I,
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand,
For we shall presently haue need of you. *Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,
That in his seeret doome, out of my blood,
Heele breed reuengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in the passages of life,
Make me belecue, that thou art onely mark't
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heauen,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

Prin. So please your Maiesty, I would I could
Quite all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuilde,
Which oft the eare of Greatnesse needs must heare
By smiling pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors:
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy yonger Brother is supplide;
And art almost an alieu to the hearts.

The History of

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hacknied in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By being seldome scene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would say, Where? Which is *Bullingbrook*?
And then I stole all courtesie from heaven,
And drest my selfe in such humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're scene, but wondred at, and so my state,
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast
And wanne by rarenesse such solemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
With shallow iesters, and rash banin wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gaue his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery beardless vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enforc't himselfe to popularity,
That being daily swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfeited with hony, and began to loath
The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little,

More

Henry the Fourth.

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to bee scene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: scene but with such eyes
As sicke and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on sun-like Maicsty,
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect,
As cloudy men vse to doe to their aduersaries.
Being with his presence, gluttred, gorgde, and full.
And in that very line, *Harry*, standest thou,
For, thou hast lost thy Princely priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weazy of thy common sight,
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it done,
Make blind it selfe with foolish tendernesle.

Prin. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* set foore at *Rauensturgb*,
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my scepter, and my soule to boote:
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Then thou, the shadow of succession,
For of no right nor colour like to right
He doth fill fields with Harnesse in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed lawes,
And being no more in debt to yeeres then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on,
To bloody battels, and to brusing armes.
What neuer-dying honour hath he got,
Against renowned *Douglas*? whose high deedes,
Whose hot incursions and great name in Armes,
Holds from all souldiers chiefe Maiority,
And military title capitall,

The History of

Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* *Mars* in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Archbishops Grace of *York*, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.

But, wherefore doe I tell these newes to thee?

Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my neereft and dearest enemy?

That thou art like enough through vassall feare,

Base inclination, and the start of spleene,

To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,

To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,

To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,

And God forgiue them, that so much haue swaide

Your Maiesties good thoughts away from mee:

I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;

And in the closing of some glorious day

Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne;

When I will weare a garment all of blood,

And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,

Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.

And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,

That this same childe of honour and renowne,

This gallant *Hotspur*, this al-praised Knight,

And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meete,

For euery honour sitting on his helme,

Would they were multitudes, and on my head

My shame redoubled. For the time will come,

That I shall make this Northren youth exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,

To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

Henry the Fourth.

And I will call him to so strict account,
That hee shall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if he be pleas'd, I shall performe.

I do beseech your Maiestie may salue,
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will dye an hundred thousand deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraine trust herein.
How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the busines that I come to speake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the *English* rebles meet
The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Skrewsburie*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises bee kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* set forth to day,
With him my sounge Lord *John* of *Launcester*,
For this aduertisement is fife dayes old,
On Wednesday next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you shall march
Through *Gloucester-shire*, by which account
Our busines valued some twelue dayes hence,
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meete.
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action?
doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about
me like an old *Laies* loose gowne. I am withered like an olde
apple *John*. Well, ile repent, and that sodainely, while I am in

The History of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath beene the spoyle of mee.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why there is it, come, sing mee a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, Sir Iohn, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, Sir Iohn.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, Sir Iohn, my face does you no harmee.

Fal. No, Ile bee sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dives* that liued in Purple: for there hee is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkenesse. When thou runst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire; there's no purchase in Mony. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, and euerlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt *Tauerne* & *Tauerne*; but the Sacke that thou hast drunke mee, would haue bought mee Lights as good cheape, of the dearest Chanders in *Europ*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God amercy, so should I be heart-burned.

How

Henry the Fourth.

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my pocket? *Enter Hostesse.*

Host. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you think, *Sir Iohn*? do you think I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the right of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, *Hostesse*, *Bardoll* was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and ile be sworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Host. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirres to your backe.

Fal. *Douglas*, filthy *Douglas*: I haue ginen them away to *Bakers* wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of viij.s. an ell: you owe money here besides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How I poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty marke.

Host. O Iesu, I haue heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the *Prince* is a lacke, a sneake-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore ysaith? Must we all march?

Bar. Yeatwo and two; Newgate fashion,

Host. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

The History of

Prin. What saist thou, *Mistris quickly*? how does thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prerhee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prin. What saist thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell asleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they picke pockers.

Prin. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds apeece, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eigh-penny matter.

Hof. So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and, my Lord, hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hof. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hof. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hof. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue, to call mee so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knaue, thou?

Fal. What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hof. Thou art an vnjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou sayest true, *Hofesse*, and hee flaunders thee most grosely.

Hof. So hee doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,

YOU

Henry the Fourth.

You ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, *Hall*? a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hos. Nay, my Lord, he called you *Lacke*, and sayd he would cudgell you,

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you sayd so.

Fal. Yea, if he sayd my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I say tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hall*? thou knowst, as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, so I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to be feared, as the Lyon: doest thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But sirra, ther's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine; it is all filld vp with Guts, and Midriffes. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou hore son impudent limboast rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but rauerne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou heare, *Hall*? Thou knowst, in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell; and what should poore *Lacke Falstaffe* doe in the dayes of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty: you confesse then you pickt my

Prin. It appeares so by the story. (pocket.

Fal. *Hosesse*, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakefast, lone thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cherish thy Ghests, thou shalt finde me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, I prethee be gone. *Exit Hosesse.*

Now *Hall*, to the newes at Court for the robbery: Lad, how is that answered?

Prin.

The History of

Prin. O my sweete beefe, I must stil be good *Angell* to thee,
the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do
it with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I find one that
can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or therea-
bout: I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels: they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I
praise them.

Prince. *Bardoll.*

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster,
To my brother *John*: thisto my Lord of *Westmerland*.
Goe, *Peto*, to horse: for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hofesse*, my breakefast, come,
Oh, I could wish this tauerne were my drum.

Exeunt.

Enter Hofspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well sayd, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should goe so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I defie

The tongue of soothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Hot.

Henry the Fourth.

Hos. Doe so, and 'tis well: what letters haue you there? I can but thanke you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hos. Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grievous sick.

Hos. Zounds, how haz he leisure to bee sicke
In such a iustling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whose gouernement come they along?

Mess. His letters beare his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth hee keepe his bed?

Mess. He did my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth,
And at the time of my departure hence,
Hee was much feard by his Phisicion.

Wor. I would the state of time had first bin whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:
His health was neuer better, worth then now.

Hos. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation,
Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any soule remou'd, but on his owne;
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,
That with our small coniunction, we should on
To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possesse
Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

Wor. Your fathers sicknesse is a maim to vs.

Hos. A perillous gash, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it. Were it good,
To set the exact wealch of all our States,
All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?
It were not good, for therein should we read

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The very bottom and the soule of Hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our Fortunes:

Dowg. Fayth, and so wee should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what 'tis to come in,
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been heere:
The quality and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.

And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offering ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curſe:
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtraine too farre.
Irather of his abſence make this uſe:
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topsie turvy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Dowg. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this dreame of feare.

Enter Sir. Rich. Vernon.

Hot.

Henry the Fourth.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my soule,
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of *Westmerland*, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards, with *Prince Iohn*.

Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further, I have learned,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall bee welcome too; Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed mad-cap, *Prince of Wales*,
And his Cumerades, that daunt the world aside,
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht? all in Armes?
All plump like *Elstriges*, that with the winde
Bayted like *Eagles*, hauing lately bath'd
Glittering in golden Coates like Images,
As full of spirit as the moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Midsummer;
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wild as young Bulls:
I saw young *Harry*, with his Beuer on,
His Cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with such ease into his seate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turn and winde a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the world with noble Horse-manship.

Hot. No more, no more, worse then the Sunne in March.
This prayse doth nourish Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of smokie warre,
All hot and bleeding, will wee offer them.
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is sonigh
And yet not ours. Come: let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the *Prince of Wales*.

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Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
 I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dowg. Thats the worſt tydings that I heare of yet.

Wer. I by my fayth that beares a froſty ſound.

Hor. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtiethouſand.

Hor. Fortie let it bee,

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
 The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.

Come, let vs muſter ſpeedily,

Doomes-day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dowg. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
 Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yere.

Enter Falſſhalfe and Bardol.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Conewry*, fill mee a bottle of
 Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton cop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue mee money, Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,
 take them all, I'lle answer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*
 meet me at *Townes end*.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewell.

Falſ. If I beaſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowth Gurnet; I
 haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnable. I haue got in exchange
 of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe mee none, but
 good Houſholders, Yeomenſonnes, inquire me out contracted
 Batchelers, ſuch as had beaſt twice on the Banes, ſuch a com-
 moditie of warme ſlaues, as had a lieſe heart the Duell as a
 Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caluer, worſe then a
 ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſſe mee none but ſuch
 Toſts and burter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
 heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruites: and now, my
 whole

Henry the Fourth.

whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloath where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores, and such as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but discarded vniust Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuoluted Tapsters and Ostlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long peace, times more dishonourable ragged, then an old fac'd Ancient: and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie rotten Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating drasse and huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath scene such Skar-crowes. Ile not march thorow *Countrie* with them, that's flat, nay; and the villains march wide betweene the legs, as if they had Gyues on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison; there's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirt is two Napkins tacked together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Herald's coate without sleues; and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from mine Host of *S. Albanes*, or the red-nose Inn-keeper of *Daintry*; but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a dinell dost thou in *Warwickshire*? My good *L. of Westmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewsbury*.

West. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, 'tis more then time, that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare, tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell mee, *Iacke*, whose fellowes are these *thine* come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pitifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to cooke, good for powder, good

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for powder, they'le fill a pic as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that. And for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

Prin. No ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King in camp'd?

West. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not bee.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? lookes hee not for supply?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good cousin, be aduisde, stir not to night.

Vern. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counsell well;

Thou speakest it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Do not slander, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day lines:

Let it bee seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hot. To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horses

Of my cousin *Vernon* are not yet come vp,

Your

Henry the Fourth.

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,
And now their pride and metall is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is halfe the halfe of him himselfe.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offer from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some
Enuy your great desertings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against vs like an Enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anoynted Maiesty:
But to my charge, The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the brest of ciuill peace,
Such bold Hostility, reaching his durious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Haue any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to bee manifold,
He bids you name your grieve, and with all speed,
You shall haue your desire with interest,
And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:
My Father, my Vncle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same royalty hee weares,
And when he was not sixe and twenty strong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched, and low,

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A poore vnminde'd Outlaw sneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and termes of scale:
My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd;
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at *Rauesburgh*,
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
That lay too heauy on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of Iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further, cut mee off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personall in the *Irish* warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the poynt.

In short time after, hee depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him his life;
And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
To make that worse, suffered hit kinsman *March*,
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeede

Henry the Fourth.

Indeed his King, to bee ingeg'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited,
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap mee by intelligence,
Rated my Vncle from the Councell boord,
In rage dismisde my father from the Court,
Broke oth on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seek out
This head of safety, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw awhile
Goe to the King, and let there be impannd
Some surety for the safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shall my Vncle
Bring him our purpose, and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace & loue.

Hot. And 't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael*, beare this sealed Briebe
With winged haste to the Lord *Marschall*,
This to my cousin *Serape*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a day
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Strensbery*,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The King with mighty and quicke rayfed power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michael*,
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
Whose power was in the first proportion;
And what *Owen Glendower* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,

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And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophesies;
I feare, the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Montimer*.

Arch. No, *Montimer* is not there.

Sir M. But there is *Mordaunt*, *Vernon*, *L. Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together,

The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John of Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*,
And many mo Corriuales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shalbe well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,

And to preuent the worst, *Sir Archibell*, speed:

For if Lord *Percy* thrive not ere the King,

Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs,

For he hath heard of our confederacy;

And 'tis but wisdome, to make strong against him:

Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe

To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Archibell*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,

Above yon buskie hill the day lookes pale

At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde

Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,

And by hollow whistling in the leaves,

Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,

For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The Trumpets sound. Enter Worcester.

King. How now, my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well

That you and I should meete vpon such termes,

Henry the Fourth.

As now we meete. You haue deceined our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of peace,
To crush our old vncasie lims in vngentle Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? wil you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred warre?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischiese to the vnborne times?

Wor. Heare mee, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not sought it: how comes it then?

Fals. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It please your Maiesty to turne your lookes
Of fauour from my selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord:
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and posted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at *Danaster*,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the Scare,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gant*, Dukedome of *Lancaster*:
To this, we sweare our ayde: but in short space
It rained downe, Fortune showing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you.

What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
 What with the injuries of wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious windes that helde the King,
 So long in the vnluckie *Irish* Warres,
 That all in *England* did repute him dead;
 And from his swarme of faire advantages,
 You rooke occasion to bee quickly wooed,
 To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
 Forgot your oath to vs at *Doncaster*;
 And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs so,
 As that vngentle Gull the Cuckowes bird,
 Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our nest,
 Grew by our feeding, to so great a bulke,
 That euen our loue durst not come neere your sight,
 For feare of swallowing: but with nimble wing
 Wee were inorft for safety sake, to flie
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
 Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
 As you your selfe have forg'd against your selfe,
 By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth,
 Swore to vs in your younger enterprize.
King. These things indeede you haue articulate,
 Proclaym'd at Market crosse, read in Churches,
 To face the garment of Rebellion,
 With some fine colour that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poore discontentis,
 Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes.
 Of hurly burly innouation:
 And neuer yet did insurrection want
 Such water colours, to impaint his cause,
 Nor muddy Beggars, starving for a time,
 Of pel-mell haucke and confusion.
Prin. In both your Armies, there is many a soule,
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter.
 If once they ioyne in tryall, tell your Nephew,
 The Prince of *Water* doth ioyne with all the world.

Henry the Fourth.

In prayse of *Harry Percy*: by my hopes
This present enterprize set of his head,
I doe not thinke a braver Gentleman,
More active, more valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds:
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a trewant been to Chiuallrie,
And so I heare he doth account me too;
Yet this before my Fathers Maiestie,
I am content that hee shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will to saue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, *Prince of Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Doe make against it: No, good *Worcester*, no,
Wee loue our people well; euen those wee loue,
That are misled vpon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both hee, and they, and you, yea euery man,
Shall bee my friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What hee will doe. But if hee will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they shall doe their office. So be gone:
Wee will not now bee troubled with reply,
Wee offer faire, take it aduisedly. *Exit Worcester.*

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
The *Douglas* and the *Horsbur* both together
Are confident against the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their answere will we set on them;
And God befriend vs as our cause is iust. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Hal. If thou see me downe in the Bartel. *Prin. Fal.*
And bestride me so, tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a *Colossus* can doe thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

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Fals. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all wel.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him: hat cal is not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know; **Sir Richard,**
The liberrall kind offer of the King,

Vre, 'Twere best hee did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not possible, it cannot bee,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
Hee will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke ful of eyes,
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will a haue wildetrick of his ancesters:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily:
Interpreation will misquote our lookes,
And wee shal feed like Oxen at stall,
The better cherisht, still the neerer death.
My Nephews trespasss may bee well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge.
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouern'd by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

Henry the Fourth.

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotspur.*

Ver. Deliuier what you will, Ile say so. Here comes your Con-
Hot. My Vncle is returnd, (si n.
Deliuier vp my Lord of *Westmerland*.
Vncle, what newes?

-- *Wor.* The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him so.

Dow. Mary and shall very willingly.

Exit Dowg.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that, he is foresworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traytors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Dowg.*

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Westmerland* that was ingag'd, did beare it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeug'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,
How shewd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Valeffe a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise and prooffe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your desertings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,

Hes

The History of

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the enuy of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink vnder my courtesie.

Arme, arme with speede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arrimall of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings:
If die, braue death when Princes die with vs.
Now for our Consciencs, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust.

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace. *Enter another.*

Hot. I thanke him, that he curs me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

Henry the Fourth.

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall
A second time doe such a courtelie.
*Heere they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters with
his power, alarm to the battell: then enter Dowglas, and Sir
Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou crossest me?
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud Scot,
And thou shalt find a King that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.

They fight; Dowglas kills Blunt; then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*? hadst thou fought at *Holmston* thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.

Dow. Al's done, al's won, here breathlesse lies the King.

Hot. Where? *Dow.* Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know, this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.

Dow. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
He murder all his Wardrobe, piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the King.

Hot. Vp and away.

Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Alarm, enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I feare the
shot heere: heere's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heere's no vanity.

The History of

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are perperd: ther's not three of my 150. left aline, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

Prin. VVhat standst thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword, Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe, Vnder the hoones of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet vnreuengd, I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Forke *Gregory* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percie*, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be aline, thou gettst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it mee: what? is it in the case?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a City.

The Prince draws it out, and findes it a hottell of Sacke.

Prin. VVhat is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the Battell at him. Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be aline, He pierce him, if he doe come in my way, so: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of mee. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* bath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an ende.

Alarms, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of VVestmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bledest too much; Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too!

Prin. I beseech your Maiesty make vp, Left your retirement doe amaze your friends,

Ks. I will doe so: my L. of *VVestmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come, my Lord, He lead you to your Tent.

Prince. Lead me, my Lord, I doe not need your helpe; And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

Henry the Fourth.

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where staynd Nobilitie lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

John. Wee breathe too long, come, confin Westmorland,
Our duty this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit;
Before, I thou'd thee as a brother John,
But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the poynt;
With listier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin. O, thus Boy lends metall to vs all. Exit.

Dowg. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the Douglas fatal to all those
That weare these colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeist the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe, who Douglas grieues at heart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes
Secke Percy and thy selfe, about the Field;
But seeing thou fall'st on mee so luckily,
I will assay thee: and defend thy selfe.

Dowg. I feare, thou art another Counterfeite;
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou bee:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits
Of valiant Sberly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes,
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth, but hee means to pay.

They fight, Douglas slayeth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gausey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; Ile to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while,

The History of H

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prince. O God, they did mee too much iniurie.
That euer said, I hearkned to your death:
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

King. Make vp to *Cliffson*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawsey* Exit.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*

Prince. Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Prince. Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To share with mee in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Spheare,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales*.

Hot. Now shall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fals. Well said, *Hal*, tolt, *Hal*. Nay, you shall finde no Boyes
play heere, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas: he fights with Falstaffe, he falls downe as
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd mee of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of mee,
They wound my thoughts worse then the word my flesh:

But

Henry the Fourth.

But thought's the stau of life, and life, times foole,
And Time that takes suruey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art dust,
And food for

Prince. For Worms, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,
I'll wean'd Ambition: how much art thou shrunk?
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest Earth,
Is roome enough: this earth that beares thee dead,
Beares not aloue so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of zeale;
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these faire rites of tenderesse.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke, farewell;
I could haue better spar'd a better man;
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie;
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
Imboweld will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Falst. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you
leue to powder me, and eate mee too to morrow. Zlound, 'twas
time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant Scot had payd mee
scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am: no counterfeit: to die is to
bee a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who
hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man

The History of

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure; yea and Ile swear I slew him. Why may not hee rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come, brother *John*, full brauely hast thou flest
Thy mayden Sword.

John. But soft, who haue wee heere?
Did you not tell mee this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, wee will not trust our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fals. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a lacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselfe: I looke to bee either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prince. VVhy, *Percy* I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fals. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh; if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my Sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

Henry the Fourth.

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
He guild it with the happiest vertues blame.

A retreat is sounded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the Field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Fal. He follow, as they say, for reward: He that rewards me,
God reward him. If I do grow great, I'll grow lesse for I'll purge
and leaue Sacke, and live cleanly, as a Nobleman should doe.

Exit.

*The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord
John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with
VVorcester and Vernon prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion finde rebuke,
Ill-spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon and termes of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights vpon our party slayne to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had beene alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on me.

King. Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause vpon.
How goes the Field?

Prince. The noble Scot Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble Percy slayne and all his men,
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest:
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

King.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother *John* of *Lawes*,
To you this honourable bountie shall belong.

Goe to the *Douglas*, and deliuer him

Vp to his pleasure ranfomeleffe and free.

His valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,

Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,

Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

King. Then this remains that we diuide our Power:

You Sonne *John*, and my Cousin *Westmerland*,

Toward *Torke* shall bend you with your dearest speede,

To meete *Norshumberland* and the Prelate *Sceope*,

Who (as we heare) are busily in armes:

My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will toward *Wales*,

To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *Marsh*.

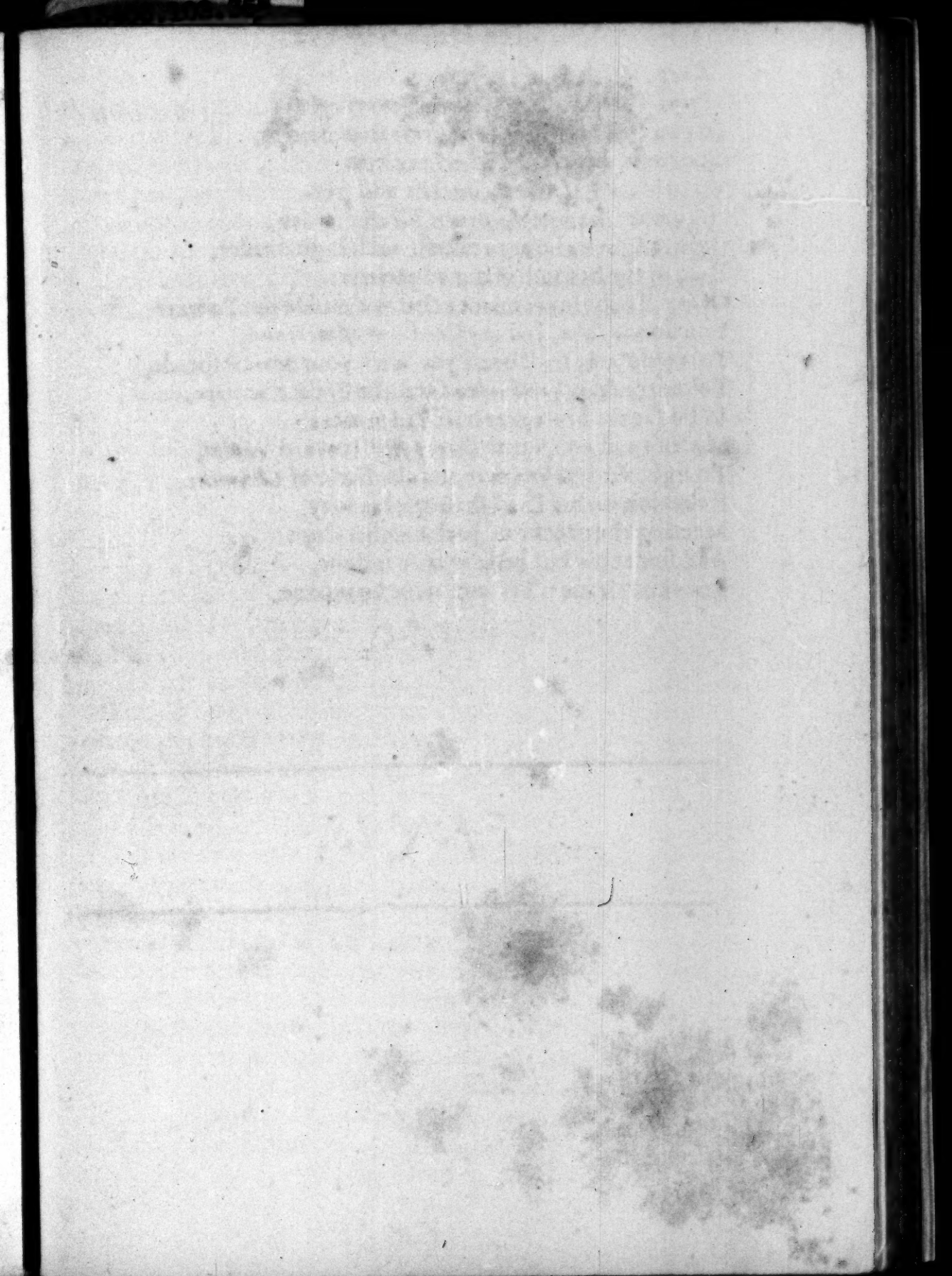
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,

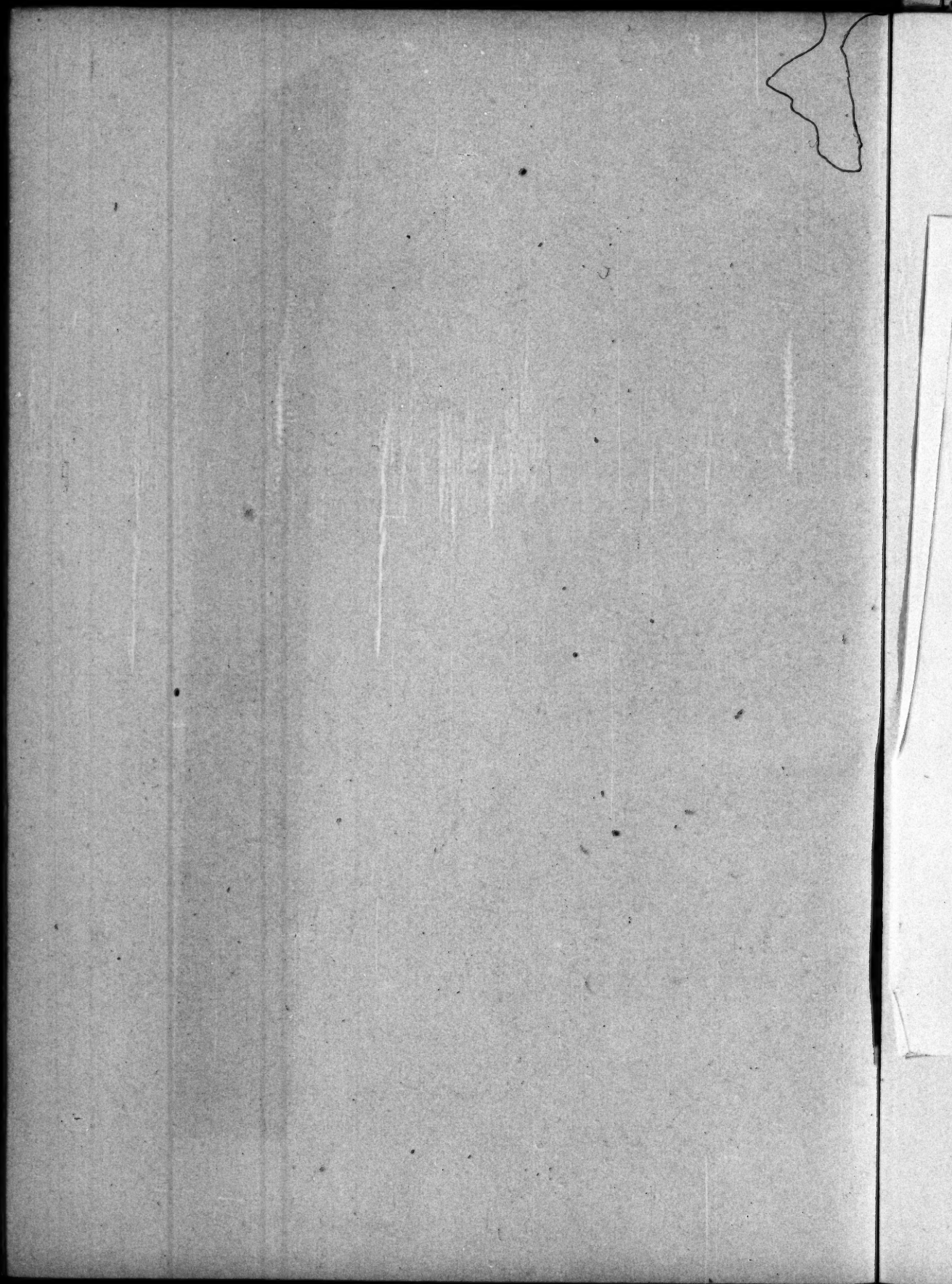
Meeting the checke of such another day:

And since this businesse so faire is done,

Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

FIN IS.





HENRY IV, Part II, 1600.

An imperfect copy of the 1st edition.

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A₂, A₃, E₁

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